

"Hold! Luke Mason," cried a familiar voice, "is anyone who are bounding us to death?"

Luke drew rein and gazed upon the defiant face of the brave young officer before him. His troopers crowded forward, their double-barreled shot-guns cocked, and Luke began to fear that he would be powerless to prevent an attack. It was Luke's brother, his best friend, what was he to do?

"Do we meet as friends or foes?" Albert asked.

"We are but half a dozen who have left the main body of the army to care for a wounded comrade, you are fifty; but if you say battle to the death, so shall it be."

#### CHAPTER VI. ON TO BELMONT.

Captain Mason knew that if he refused to either make the half dozen Confederates prisoners or shoot them down in their tracks he would be consumed. But with his warm, sympathetic heart appealing for the brother of the girl dearer than life, he determined to set military authority at defiance.

"You once had me in your power and spared me," said the young Captain, after an awkward silence of a few seconds. "It would be more than a monster to refuse you your liberty."

"Thank you, Luke. I don't ask this for myself."

The friends advanced and met half way between their forces. Leaning from his horse he grasped the hand of his friend, who was standing on the ground. Captain Mason said:

"Albert, it will be all I can do to call those men off, as their blood is up and they are desperate. I shall do my best, though."

"Thank you, it is all you can do."

"This will be the last time we can meet as friends on the field of carnage. Though I shall not raise my hand against you myself, the conflict is too desperate for one to screen the other."

"I know it, Luke. God bless you, my friend, farewell."

"One moment before you go—where is Luke?" asked Albert.

"At home, I suppose."

"She was not when we came by, and I wanted so much to see her. If you meet her, tell her that for her sake her brother's life shall ever be safe. But longer delay is dangerous, go—fly while you can."

"We can not travel with him."

"No, I would die before I did that."

"Who is he?"

"Captain Jasper Morgan."

"The son of Colonel Morgan?"

"Yes."

"Was it Colonel Morgan whom we fought?"

"It was."

"Farewell!"

Again those friends, one standing in the ranks of one army and one in another, clasped hands, gazed for a moment into each other's faces and then, with a mutual nod, they turned and disappeared.

"Have they surrendered?" one of the cavalry officers asked, as Luke came back to his mounted men.

"No, it's only a detail to care for the wounded; let them go."

"And not make prisoners of them?"

"Yes, it is best. I will be responsible if the order is wrong. To arms, right about."

The cavalrymen wheeled their horses about and, with the Captain at their head, went thundering from the wood, down the hill to the valley below. Shots could be heard a mile or so down the valley, and there being a probability of the enemy cutting them off, he had them hasten with all speed to the main force.

As Luke dismounted from his horse near where the fight had been hottest, he could not but shudder. It was the first glimpse of carnage he had ever had. The once over which the conflict had been was badly shattered with bullets and buckshot, and in places was completely shrouded down.

Lying on his back upon the lately mown meadow was a middle-aged man in his shirt sleeves, looking like a farmer in peaceful slumber. A bullet had pierced his heart, and his features were not distorted or unnatural. But a few rods away, at the brink of the horse-pond, lay a red-headed boy of about seventeen summers, shot in the head.

An old, white-haired man had fallen on his face with his gun under him. Three dead Confederates lay piled against the fence. The Union dead, twelve in number, lay scattered about in the corn-field and peach orchard beyond.

"Glad you're back," said the Colonel, coming up to where Luke stood gazing on the scene. "We can't wait here long. We're having the dead and wounded gathered up and cared for, and we must be gone or we'll have twenty thousand Johnny rebs all around us."

By the middle of the afternoon the little army was again on the road to Cairo. In the hurry and confusion Captain Mason's indulgence to his Confederate friend was not reported.

The soldiers, angered at the resistance they had met, became more oppressive to the people whose country they were passing through. Houses were pillaged and burned, and the man of civilization became a barbarian and a robber. They were greatly aggravated by the taunts of the Confederate women, who waved rebel flags in their faces and cheered "Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy."

At such times some forgot they were gentlemen and gave insult for insult, usually leaving the smoking ruins of a once happy home as a terrible example of foolish insolence.

Handfuls of frightened and oppressed Union men were constantly flocking to them for protection, and next day after the fight Colonel Smart had over a thousand unarmed men, who had to be fed. Having no provision train foraging became an absolute necessity. Being in the enemy's country some of these foraging expeditions were attended with great danger and many were the ridiculous adventures.

On the morning after the conflict in the valley Lake, at the head of a dozen mounted men, went up to a farm-house and demanded admittance. They were greeted by half a dozen lead-mouthed dogs, but, after repeated pounding, the door was opened and a thin-visaged, sallow-complexioned woman glared at them from a pair of greenish, dark eyes.

"What yer want?" she asked.

"Breakfast," Luke answered.

"Yer aberration Yankess; an' wusn't I ma' die if ye git here?"

"Oh, yes, we will," Luke answered, pushing the door open and forcing his way in.

"Git out'n my house or I'll scald yer eyes out!"

"Have your hot water to make coffee," he retorted, with a smile, and, turning to his men, who had crowded in after him, he said: "Now, boys, make yourself useful, and help this lady get our breakfast. Kindle a fire, wring the necks of the chickens and do whatever is required; but do no damage to the property unless she is stubborn and refuses to prepare our breakfast."

The woman threw herself in a chair in a corner of the room and began to snivel and snivel, while the soldiers busied themselves. One made a fire in the cook-stove, another brought water and others were useful in other ways. She did not move until she heard her chickens squalling, and, springing to her feet, she seized a broom and

leaped out into the yard to defend her favorites. She had raised her weapon to strike when Luke seized her arm, and said: "You will save chickens and other property, too, by devoting your time to preparing our breakfast."

She was frantic with rage and swore she would "spine 'em." Some of the soldiers threatened to burn the house if she didn't go to work.

"I'll git yer breakfast, an' I hope ter goodness I'll choke ye."

"Oh no, maw, ye don't wish us that bad luck, do ye?" said Arkansas Tom.

"Maw! ye old white-headed sinner, don't yer call me maw. Yer old enough to be my gran'paw."

"Oh! ye don't think so, do ye? Why, I'm only eighteen."

"What a lie."

"Here, take a chaw'n git'n a good humor," said Arkansas Tom, taking a huge twist of tobacco from his pocket and holding it tantalizingly close to her.

With an expression more forcible than elegant she struck it from his hand, and sent it spinning across the house out at the door. Arkansas Tom's companions laughed at her.

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#### WASHINGTON CITY.

The President's going to New York, next week, to take part in the Columbus celebration is still a matter of doubt, and dependent upon the condition of Mrs. Harrison, which is rather unfavorable this week. If the President cannot go he will request Vice President Morton to take his place, and all of the members of the Cabinet have promised to attend.

National committeemen Clarkson of Iowa, and Hobart, of New Jersey, left their duties at headquarters this week long enough to hold several highly important political conferences in Washington, among them one with the President and another with Secretary Charles Foster. They brought cheering news of the campaign. Gen. Clarkson says New York is certain to give its votes to Harrison and Reid and that there is a good fighting chance in both Connecticut and New Jersey; that the recent change of sentiment in favor of the Republicans in Wisconsin, brought about by ex Senator Spooner's splendid and aggressive campaign, has made that State certain; that Minnesota and Iowa have already placed themselves in the certain column, and that all the information received from the Dakotas and Nebraska favor Republican success in those States. "Even granting," said Gen. Clarkson, "that the South remains solid, which is very doubtful, where can the Democrats get other 64 electoral votes that they have to win? They cannot get them, that's all there is about it, and Mr. Cleveland is doomed." Gen. Hobart thinks that a fair election in New Jersey will give that state to the Republicans by at least 4,000, and as Jersey City, where most of the fraudulent voting has been done, is now under Republican control the chances are in favor of a fair election.

Secretary Charles Foster left here today upon a trip combining campaigning with recreation that will last until election day. He starts the campaigning with a speech tonight at a big Republican rally at Frederick, Maryland.

Then he will go to the Catskills and on the 11, inst. will make a speech at Gouverneur, New York. On the 12, he will meet as many of the members of the Cabinet as can attend in New York City to participate in the Columbus Day Celebration. From there he will go to Black Lake for a few days fishing, then to Ohio and work, night and day, until the campaign closes.

Speaking of the situation, before leaving here, the Secretary said: "I think the President will be re-elected in fact there has never been any doubt in my opinion that point. So far as the Greasham influence is concerned I know very little. Indiana is usually a Democratic state except in Presidential year, although I believe the Democrats have once in a while carried it even then. However, the close friends of the President from Indiana, men who would not hesitate to tell him the exact situation, say that he is sure to carry it. The Republicans will carry both New York and Connecticut, and with them, of course a majority of the votes in the electoral college."

A smile went around among Republicans when the Democrats began to shout because of the announcement that Judge Cooley of Michigan, would vote for Cleveland. Mr. Cleveland, when President, appointed Judge Cooley a member of the Interstate commerce commission, and the Judge has already voted for Mr. Cleveland, certainly in 1888, and probably in 1892. Another broad smile greeted the column letter of Wayne McVeigh, who because of his being the son-in-law of the old Republican stalwart, Simon Cameron, was taken into President Garfield's cabinet as Attorney General, explaining why he should vote for Cleveland, an explanation entirely unnecessary, because nobody cared a brass button how he intended to vote.

Quite a number of Democrats who attended the convention of the National Association of Democratic clubs, in New York this week, are at present in Washington, but the affair was such a fizzle, the attendance, notwithstanding offers of free transportation, free board and whiskey, being about one-fifth of what had been up to a few weeks ago expected, that they do not care to talk about it. It is said that more than half of those who were the club badges of distant states were men from the small towns near New York, hired for the occasion, in order to make a show. It was because of the small attendance that the street parade had to be abandoned. These things speak in thunder tones of the lethargic condition of the Democratic party.

The result of the Georgia State election is no surprise to Republicans here. It has never been generally believed that the third party movement in the South was anything more than a fight between Democrats out of office and those in office. The vote in Georgia should be studied by those Republicans in the northwest who have been led astray by the people's party; it may open their eyes.

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